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OF5 Alor OF5

765
252
476

A rice-pounding bee several days before a death feast payoff.

342

The largest rice coups of two ceremonial seasons, prepared for a lineage house-building feast.

Cp. 32 H)

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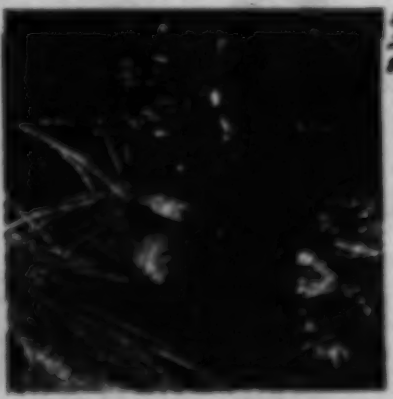
Talkaleta, the oldest woman in the village, with three orphaned grandchildren to support, works daily in the fields.

Padafan's mother gathers the bean crop and his grandmother shells it.

Fuimai, the village trollop, measures loops of cord for her belt. Note the bean-thrashing mat.



An old grandmother spends a quiet morning at home weaving a basket.

Cp. 32 I]

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A boy helps with the butchering of a pig while a second pig is being singed in the background.

A boy drinks from a bamboo water tube.

A little girl practices weaving.

Cp.3a 17

252
262

In the morning three or four men butcher the pigs that will be used in the house-building feast that afternoon.

262

In the late afternoon each woman brings her basketry platter of food to display at a house-building feast. Each community has its preferred style of food display.

[Cf 52T]

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quiver of thought. The subject was allowed to proceed as long as he[13th] chose, and when he paused the interpreter repeated what had been said[13.6] while I completed the written record. In the printed autobiographies the original order of narration has been kept. Except for the deletion of[13.1] irrelevant and confusing place and personal names, the inclusion of a[13.2] few parenthetical comments for purposes of clarification, and some minor changes in punctuation and the like, the records are in the form in which they were set down in Alur. Although they may sometimes be difficult to read in this fashion, they seem more valuable and genuine pictures of the personalities. The reader will find that, except in the case of Malaisha, the first day's interview comes very close to epitomizing the individual's attitudes and preoccupations.

The autobiographies are rich in ethnographic detail despite the fact that informants were kept rather persistently to their own experiences and reactions. In a few cases ethnographic descriptions of an impersonal nature have been omitted. Even so, the autobiographies serve better than any other device to bring alive and make specific the generalizations and speculations in Part I.

Chapter 10

Mangwa the Genealogist

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

November 24, 1938

[What was the first thing he could remember?] When I was still[13th] very small and couldn't yet talk clearly, I remember there was a hungry[13.4] period. Mother and father went to the woods and took the roots of[13.5] wild bananas and brought them home to me. Mother was pounding[13.6] them up in a mortar, and a little bit fell over the edge. I grabbed it up and ate it, saying, "This is my tabor [referring to an ornament worn locally]."

When I was still small I was sitting on a mortar. It was the time that corn was ripening. My mother did not cook me ripe corn but was preparing unripe corn. I asked her for my share. [Also in baby talk for *kwedo*, a pierced tabor.] Just then there was an earthquake. I fell off the mortar to the ground. Everything rocked and shook. Cracks opened in the earth. Our house fell down. A heavy beam dropped across the mor-

1:Du Bois E-5 (1938-1939) 1944
Off's Alor Off's

[39] was always traveling back and forth between two places. [Did he search for a wife there?] I wanted to marry there but didn't. A woman spoke to me, but I didn't want to marry her. It would have meant staying there, and water was far away. Also there are large forests there and not many woods. Here there are many woods. I was afraid a wife from Arwai would not want to come and work in the gardens here. [He returns to details about crops.] At that time I was a man. I raised a fish garden and was given a chicken and some rice. I used them to make a sacrifice to the dead owners of the field. At first Lamani and I shared a field, but I didn't get any of the house, so I didn't want to cooperate with him any more. Then Lakamai called me to share a garden. Lakamai and I were Lamani's "fathers." Twenty of us worked together to plant beans that year, and we gave a dance one night.

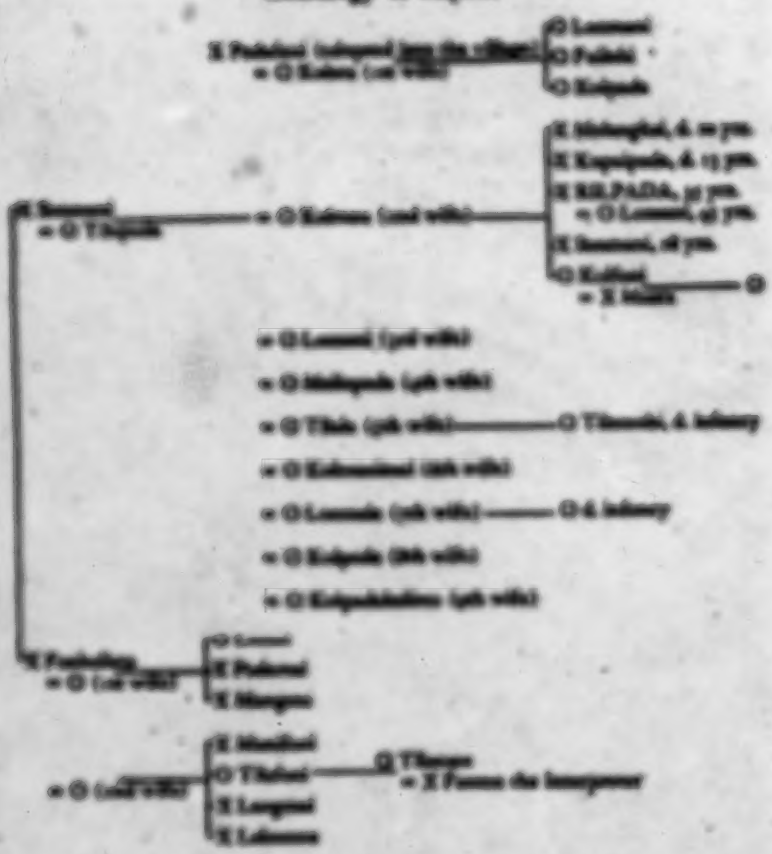
[40] [41] [He told of the worshiping in Arwai about the garden—how they spoke of marrying the garden. Pause, which was cut in this informant. He again quoted some verses sung in Arwai—how the rice had ripened in six days, how one laughed to see it, and how all one's carrying baskets would be used up when one gathered the crop. Then he went on to say that they worked a little every day in front the house. He discussed garden magic at length. He told how successful the harvest was. After a time I stopped him and asked about his quarrels in Arwai. He smiled at the memory and went on from there.]

Lakamai was my elder brother [classificatory]. His child died. His father-in-law was very angry. [He told the child died because its mother and father didn't take good care of it. He came to the village with his weapons and wanted to kill those two. I got on my weapons to fight him, but Arwamai [an elder kinsman] also put on his weapons and told me to stand in back of him and he would warn the enraged father-in-law. However, before blows were exchanged people seized the two combatants, and finally the father-in-law was paid a big pig. Then we heard that the men had gone to the garden and was destroying it. I rushed out with my weapons, but the old man had already run away. He had not hurt the garden.

[I asked if he had dreamed last night and got the three following stories in the order of dreaming.]

I dreamed I went to Sanbani's garden [a Lawaika man, also of the Mangkaisa lineage, as *tipa fatta* a relative] and took some of his young corn. Sanbani said I could not have it, so I hid it in my shawl and in my basket. I ate a raw bean and thought I would go there to come and eat the corn. Sanbani shouted, "Someone has taken my corn." I looked

Genealogy of Kilpatrick



[5] [137] bamboo tubes full (seventy to thirty ears to a tube). When we finished blackening our teeth, we told the girls, seventy-two of them, to pound and cook corn. We had a feast. Each girl was given seven ears. We boiled the one of the ears and drank the soup to set the dye in our teeth. There were thirty boys. When we returned to the village, Pedemaki, who had blackened our teeth, collected all of us together and we paid him. He got fifty-two arrows. Our elders had helped us collect them and there were some left over, so the next day our elders suggested that we shoot at targets for them. They set ten banana stalks at

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and cut my eyebrow on a stone. Fuhiluni carried me back to my village. Father doctored my eye. My wound healed, but father said, "You two are always playing together and getting hurt. You had better not play together any more." After that Fuhiluni went to Kaisbubi. He would stay there two or three weeks and then he would come back here. At the end of three trips back here he had five rupiahs, which he hid in the thatch. He was very sick because he stole people's bananas in Kaisbubi, and he died. [Question.] The bananas were protected by a curse. [Question.] He wasn't sick long. [Question.] I was the older of the two. I was maybe sixteen or so. He was about fourteen.

February 2, 1938

When I was about twelve or thirteen, I and Alofe slept together in the field house where Lauwaln's mother was living. I and Alofe said, "In the village there are many squash. Let's take them." So that night we went to the village and took some. I took three and Alofe took three. As we were home with them, one fell and rolled down the slope. We didn't go after it but just brought back the remaining five. We split three open and boiled it that night. The next morning we cooked another one. We hadn't eaten it yet and we put it in a dish covered with a coconut shell. These squash belonged to Senlaka. He discovered that six of his squash were gone. He followed our footsteps and on the way found the squash we had dropped. He picked it up and followed our trail. He came to our field house, parted the thatch, and looked in on me and Alofe. We were playing at going hunting with split bamboo and didn't hear him. Then Senlaka came in and sat down, saying, "Children, when you have cooked, we shall eat." But Alofe said, "I'm no wife of yours to cook for you." [A very impudent reply to an older man.] Senlaka looked in the pot and saw cooked and raw squash. He asked, "Where did you get this squash?" We said, "We got them yesterday when we were hunting rats." Senlaka said, "No, you took mine last night. I found your trail and the squash you dropped. You took mine." Then he drew his knife and stuck it in Alofe's chest. He wanted to stab me too, but I cried, so he didn't. Then Senlaka ordered us to come up to the village with the squash. He made us sit under a bench around which he built a fence. He put a pig in the pen with us. We stayed there together from early morning until late at night. Then Senlaka said we could come up and sleep on the verandah. He said he would judge our case the next morning. The next morning Senlaka wanted to give Alofe five lashes. But Alofe was still small, so his older brother, Atapada, stood up in his place because he didn't want his younger

1:Du Bois E-S (1938-1939) 1944
OFS Also OFS

February 4, 1933

I was still small and could only walk a little. I was trying to climb [IV]
the ladder up into the house. I was standing on the second step when I
fell and hit my head on the corn-grinding stone and got a large wound.
It didn't heal but got bigger and bigger. [He had just been watching
me dress scalp wounds on children.] Then father divined, and the divi-
nation revealed that the seven elves and a dead person would have to be
placated. A dead person had grabbed me as I was trying to go up the [77]
ladder and that is why I fell. Father fed the dead person two chickens
and fed the seven elves a chicken and a pig. Father put the rice and
blood in my hand and held my hand to help me smear the elves myself.
That night when I went to sleep, I defecated in my loincloth. [It is not
customary for toddlers to wear loincloths. I asked about it and he
changed the story, saying he was about twelve. I suspected this sud-
den rise in which he assumed the role of the children he had
just seen dressed. This was the sort of thing he did often in his dream
accounts.] So they divined again. [When a person who has learned [72]
toilet habits soils himself, it is considered a sign that he is ill and that [73]
his soul has left him.] This time they discovered they hadn't yet made
the Bayorko feast for my paternal grandmother. Father then gave me
of her death feasts, but he died before he made her Bayorko feast. I
got well.

[He asked if I wanted the story of how he lost his eye.] People were
working in Likwewang making the new trail. We were moving stones
when a soldier came and hit me across the neck with a thorny branch.
Mangbani, Pedemani, Diedong, and I ran away, following the Limbee
ravine. On the way we looked for kasuri nuts. At Kolewai-Lasumbani
were two quiver pools and a large stone under which it was dry. We [205]
leveled the sand under the stone, made a fire, and roasted cassava to eat [215]
with the nuts. Then we tied bamboo twigs into a torch and with them
hunted rats. I shot a large one and we came back, cooked it, and ate it
with five or six nuts of corn we had. I was just going to sleep that
night when I heard a loud noise of bells. My soul vanished. I saw an old
man coming down. He said, "Who told you to sleep here?" I said,
"Grandfather, we were working on the new trail and the soldiers hit
me, so we ran away and came here to sleep on the edge of your house-
site." I saw him take out his lime but I didn't see him sprinkle it on my
eye. When we woke we found that water was pouring down into our
sleeping place, so we moved farther up the bank and our three souls
down. I said to the three men, "My three friends, last night I dreamed

1:Du Bois E-5 (1938-1939) 1944
Off's Also Off's

[51] and show I am dutiful." I told them my dream and said we had better go straight back to the village. We had been back five days when I was sick. My eye protruded and I couldn't see any more with it. I said, "I had better shave this eye out completely and be rid of it." But I couldn't get it out. So I tied a strip of cloth over it. Then one evening about sunset I lost consciousness and was dead until dawn. I revived to hear Mauliloni, the former chief of Dikiaapu, say, "There you got his shroud you!" Then I reached down and found they had taken off my loincloth [customary when preparing a body for burial]. I scratched Mangora, who was sitting next to me, and asked what had become of my loincloth. He said I had died and they had taken it off. I said to give it back. He did and I put it on. Mangora told the people I had revived. When I was dead, they said Mahikiku, who was organizing a Good Being [*wale kang*] at that time [1904]. But Mahikiku said to bury me, not to bring me near his place. While I was dead, Mauliloni had found my legs for burial and had broken one at the knee. After I revived, another cooked rice gruel for me three times a day. I ate until my body became fat, and I began to remember grounded corn. Then she cooked me corn and my body became strong. One night I dreamed that Mahikiku came to me and called, "Kilpuku, come to me me before I go to jail." I said, "Mauliloni broke my leg and I can't walk." I crawled to the doorway. I said to Mahikiku, "Come up on my verandah." He came and said, "Come down." I answered that I couldn't. So Mahikiku took a shawl, threw me and over either shoulder, and held the corner across his extended arms. He told me to come down, to lower my head, and fall into his arms. I did. Mahikiku put me down on the verandah and said, "I see your body is strong." He said to throw them, and then I asked, "Why is my body strong? Why do you say this?" Then Mahikiku said, "Now I am going to jail. You are not yet married, but you will be rich and give many feasts." Mahikiku said to the dream, "You will buy a young woman with a Mahoner snake, but that Mahoner snake will go like the wind." Later I did indeed have a young woman and a Mahoner snake, but her brothers gave me a pig for which I couldn't pay. My male children [male kin of descending generation] paid for it, and my snake went to them. Then in the dream Mahikiku said, "The young wife will stay with you, but an older woman will come and disparage her. She will enter your heart and cure it. You will *forsake* your younger wife and marry the older one. After a long time, when you are older, you will buy another young woman."

[52] Then in truth after that dream Mahikiku went to jail, my father died

She said it was a children to raise, not to eat. Then mother cooked rice and added common meat and milk to it for the guests. After Mokolo left, father was angry and hit mother, cutting the side of her face. Mother got a big wound. Then father gave mother a leaf to [illegible] and said, "In seven days you pay back my bride-price. We are going to separate." Then father went away and stayed in Dikinepa. In seven days mother went to fetch water and I followed her, crying. I heard people coming from Dikinepa beating gongs. Father came up and said, "This is my child." He had brought a Kaloi child with him. Father took my hand. I told him I was following mother, who had gone to fetch water. Father picked me up and carried me with him as far as Kakawi. There we met mother carrying water. Father said, "Kakawa, go tell your family so we can reckon our debts. If there is a surplus I shall pay it. But in any case I take my child." So mother called her kin in Dikinepa and Arimabang. They all came and reckoned. Father only owed a Maningamuk snake. So the chief of Kaloi said, "Oh, you don't have much of a debt. If you wanted to divorce you could pay it, but the fault is a little yours too; so get a snake and pay a fine for your fault [and don't divorce, was the implication]." So father got a Kaloli snake and paid his fine. He shot a chicken to pay the judges. The judges said mother had better go live in Dikinepa with my father. So mother and I moved to Dikinepa to live there with father.

February 12, 1939

Once mother planted rain corn and two patches of corn down in the ravine. People kept stealing the corn. We didn't know who they were. So I and Mangora went down there to guard it. Many rats ate it. We slept in a field house up on the ridge above the gardens and all day watched for rats. A bird came; we both shot at it but missed it. In the evening we cut wood and went back up to the field house. We were dozing off when Mangora dreamed that two old men were sitting near by, one on the slope above the house and one below the house. One was a little like his father, Funkaloto. One had a long beard all the way down to his waist. The one who was below said, "Shall we take the house down to the garden below?" Mangora woke up, rubbed my stomach to wake me, and told me about it. Then that night we didn't sleep there. We went to the village. Early in the morning father looked down and saw us on the verandah. He asked why we had come back, so we told him. Father said we were to go back to the garden, make a spirit shrine, and feed it. In the afternoon father came with rice and a small chicken to feed the shrine. After that we slept again in the

my gongs and cowries on her family. Then after a time she came back to me. I began to look again for her bride-price. But she went off and slept with other men. Then I didn't want her any more. I asked for my expensive back and her family paid them.

May 3, 1939

Last night I dreamed I had a school at my house. The native schoolmaster-teacher was not a man from these parts. His face was different. Pannie, Manwe, and Jacobin [local boys] helped to watch the children. I collected the children of the Five Villages for the school. There was a schoolhouse, kitchen, and sleeping place in Lendeke's field. The school was near the place where I built the Good Beings' house that the government demolished. The teacher said, "In six days the Lord from above will come down." I asked what the Lord wanted and the teacher said, "He is going to punish all the people [i.e., give them immunity]. When he comes down, build his house in one day. He will tell the government officials of the island so that their skins too may be peeled off." I asked what would happen then, and the teacher said, "When they come to collect taxes, you will have to pay them all at once. You will also have to follow the word of the Lord who is above. He will make love for all people. Every person will have a garden, not only one. Even infants who have not yet laughed must have a garden." Then I woke up and it was dawn.

When I was half grown my father bought a gong, and the Five Villages came to dance in here the village. Father divided twelve rice cents among those who came. Then people brought a Pointgin snake here, which father also bought.

[I stopped him and asked for early memories of his mother.] When I was five or six, my mother wanted to go to the fields to work. I cried and followed. She ran back and said, "Don't cry, and don't follow me. Go back to the house. I am going to the gardens and will catch one for you." Then she took me back to the house and gave me an egg. I called all my friends to come and eat my egg with me. Some there were a lot of us playing outside the house. I dug a hole and put her when in it to warm the egg. While we sat there, Mamimada [a man] came and tugged Ruatherka's breasts. Her husband wanted to shoot Mamimada. We were afraid and ran off. As we ran, my dog followed me. I tripped over him and fell, splitting open my eyebrow. I had a big wound. My grandmother, Mallowai, carried me to her verandah and cared for me there.

I and my friends were playing a game. We played until we fought.

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wood. He said that for the first days it would be light, and during that[5] time women must gather wood, but after that it would be dark. I asked, "If it is dark when the officials come, how will they get along?" My friend said, "When it is dark, people must always go in pairs. When women go to fetch water, they must go along with someone else [as formerly in days of warfare]. If they don't, the souls of the dead will devour them." I asked what would happen after it had got dark, and he said, "In time it will be light again; then an earthquake will come. After the earthquake you will see a large lamp hanging in mid-air. Thereafter the earth will be good again." [When Mairlaka talked with his spirit friend, he stood on the dance place in front of the special house he had built. He heard the voice of the spirit in the house but did not see him.]

When I was about fourteen years old, people were waging war. If father or mother went to Likawewang to market or went to work in the fields, I stayed home and took care of my younger siblings. I stayed in the house with them all the time to guard them and cook for them. When mother and father went to work, I took camera, pounded it, [p5] ● took out the fibers, and pounded it again. I fetched water. When my mother returned she had only to cook.

When I was about sixteen, I started field work. I joined my friends in work groups [natal]. Our mothers would cook for us. Young boys[p6] and girls worked together. We worked, fought, played, and pulled each [p8] other. The older people saw that we did not work and that we thought only of playing and fighting. We told them that we worked before we started playing, but really we used to get lazy and just play. This went on all year until it was time to cut weeds again. Because we were young, we would cut only one or two fields and then play. When rain began to fall, we finally cleaned up our fields. We planted our own fields before we planted those of our elders. We weeded our own fields before we weeded those of our elders. They said, "Perhaps you are going to eat food only from your fields?" After that we all went and helped our elders. Then we began to raise pigs and chickens in partnership with people. But when they were half grown, our elders took them and counted them, giving us only little ones in exchange. Since our elders took our pigs all the time, we didn't care to raise them any more, we just went to play instead. We gave up raising pigs.

When we were still older, father said, "We don't need your pigs any more. You had better raise some and buy gongs and cowries for your bride-price with them."

When I was about sixteen, I worked with a group [natal]. When

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to sit on a stone and care for my little brother. I didn't watch him carefully and he fell off and rolled under the stone. I called mother and when she came and saw him under the stone, she hit me. I ran off to Dikinge to stay with Alorkaomi, a kinsman whom I called grandfather. He was neither a man nor a woman. He didn't have either a penis or a real vagina. At that time Tibding had already begotten Alorkaomi and his elder sister Kolmau. Her husband was Mangkaka. While the children were still small he was carried off in a landslide caused by an earthquake. Kolmau could already walk when this happened. I stayed in Dikinge and played with Kolmau. Whenever Alorkaomi got meat or food he would always set it out in three dishes for us three children. Alorkaomi could not walk yet. I took care of him while his mother and father were off to work. Tibding threw away her two children. She left them to her mother, Kolmaukolimu. Kolmaukolimu went to live with Alorkaomi as his wife, although they couldn't sleep together. Then Tibding went to have for another man. I would take care of Alorkaomi one day and one day Lamumi would care for him. Once Alorkaomi went to Libowaung and bought two hatchets. The long one he gave me and the short one he gave Lamumi. He said, "Now I have given you both a hatchet, so you take care of Alorkaomi all the time." When he went to work in the garden and dear ran there, he would give some to Lamumi's mother to cook for her. Once he cooked himself for us three. Kolmau used to follow her grandmother to the fields and cook for her, so she didn't take care of her younger brother. When the harvest came, they gave both me and Lamumi a big bundle of corn. After Alorkaomi could crawl, we didn't watch over him any more. I ran off from Dikinge to Lawatka to stay with my aunt Fiyukalowa. That was when she had just married Kaloloma. I went with her and her husband to the fields and cooked for them while they worked. When Kaloloma got corn or yams, I was the one who ate them. Tilamumi, the daughter of Fiyukalowa, went to stay with our uncle, Mumiakeke, and our grandmother, Tikkakilowa. [Here this shifting around of children among siblings of the succeeding generation.] While I stayed with Fiyukalowa and Kaloloma, I went to the ravine to hunt crayfish, crabs, and eels. Kaloloma, when he caught an eel, would bring it back to our garden. There he would boil the eel with shredded coconut. I stayed with them for a year. When he brought eels, we ate them the same night. The crabs Fiyukalowa roasted with red pepper and salt for Kaloloma because his teeth were bad. The one Fiyukalowa and I would eat together. [394 215]

Kaloloma had many children of all ages by his first wife. They used

[illegible] to the winner. We shot at banana stalks for scores. Those who were not able to hit the banana stalk when they count for themselves got someone else to root for them, and then we all shot at once. [As he told this he became more vivacious, began looking around and using gestures. He elaborated on all the kinds of targets they used.] We played that until we were hungry and then we said we had better go to some older men and ask him to hunt rats with us. We went to Pukilung and while we were hunting, his wife cooked corn kernels for us and pounded-corn meal. When we came back she gave us a dish of whole corn and we squeezed into it. Later when we had cooked the rats, she gave us pounded corn to eat with them. Then Pukilung said, "Just now we hunted at random. We shall have again as a kind of divination. If we get many rats it will be a sign of the grasp and smoke I shall get if I give a feast. Those rats will be the seeds of my grasp and smoke." So we hunted and got many rats, more than a large basketful. So Pukilung ordered his wife to begin pounding corn because the day of his feast was near. Then Pukilung asked the older men of the village to come to his house and eat. He set the day for his feast. They asked him how many rats he had got and he said seventy-five. [The informant continued at length about the feast and its success.]

[I asked again for his own life history. As we stopped to smoke a cigarette, we overheard some people say that the bridge over the ravine, which is about thirty feet high, had been carried away by the recent rains. Mahihiko went on from there.]

Once we played swing. We tied a rope to a high tree. The third time we swung, the rope broke. There were six boys and five girls playing at the time. I was about fourteen or sixteen years old. We played below Mahihiko's house. We fell from the rope where the ground sloped up toward us. If the rope had broken as we swung over the place where the ground dropped away, we should all have rolled down to the bottom of the hill.

Another time we tied a rope to a tree in Kalpuki's field. There were older children higher up on the rope, and I, with the smaller ones, was hanging near the end. There were a lot of people watching us. The rope broke and the end snapped back and struck Lampuki, who was watching, just over the eye. We all fell in a heap. Her father came and chased us and we ran all helter-skelter. In running away Mahihiki struck his forehead against a mango tree and was badly wounded. Then Lampuki's father called to us and said he was only teasing us. We all came back to the village.

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also got a basketful of crabs and crayfish. The smaller eel we ate and [illegible] the larger one we brought back to the garden.

[I commented, "This morning you are not saying what you think or feel."] Before I went to Kalabaki, when I was maybe thirteen or fourteen, my friends Semoseli, Sefarcha, and Semoni and I played. Semoseli said, "We must get sweet potatoes and young corn and go down to the Lindoe ravine to play and bathe." We hunted and got three rats first. Then we went to the ravine. Semoseli made a fire with a strike-a-light. [illegible] We cooked the rats, pounded up the sweet potatoes, mixed the [illegible] organs of the rats with them, and cooked them in a bamboo tube. Then Semoseli said we must go look for eels and crabs. I looked in a pool near our camping place. There was an eel. I had only a bird arrow and was drawing it when Anapuda came. He was crazy, a spirit had already possessed him. The others all ran and hid. Anapuda came to me and raised his knife over my head, saying he was going to kill me. I was not afraid. I talked quietly to him and said I had an eel that I would share with him. Anapuda's body was thin because his spirit possessed him. He sat down near me and I shot the eel. The other boys came. We gave Anapuda the head, the tail, and the inner organs. Each of the rest of us had only a small piece. Anapuda also ate our rats. [Pause.] We played there and only returned to the village late in the afternoon.

[Pause. I asked, "Did you dream last night?" He answered that he hadn't. Very long pause. He sat and sniffed, picked his nose, rubbed his ears, and shifted about. I looked at him. We smiled at each other and he said, "I don't remember any more." There was another very long pause. I asked, "Why do you talk so much about eels?" He answered, "You said I could talk about anything." I answered, "Yes, of course. But why do you happen to think so much about eels?" He answered, "Because I like to hunt for eels and crabs and crayfish." My response was, "But you are afraid of snakes, aren't you?" "Yes, but eels are sweet." "Did you get any this year?" "Yes. When you asked me to go out and catch crayfish one day, I caught an eel and took it home to eat." "Did you catch many last year?" He then continued his narration.]

No. I was in Mukwaghikwang. I made a garden there. I was there a year and a half in all. It was after I had thrown away my wife for the first time. I was there half a year and then came here to Inigwe. My wife went back with me and was with me in Mukwaghikwang for a year. When my mother died and the feasts were over, she ran away from me again. She went back to her parents and stayed with them until after I came to work for you. [Why did you separate?] After my mother's

1:Du Bois E-5 (1938-1939) 1944
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[I cried for correction of her mother.] It was during the hungry [57] season and mother went out to dig tubers. I cried to be taken along. Mother said, "This is the hungry time and you will get hungry running around, but come if you want." So we went, and all the good tubers mother dug she put in my basket. When we got home we cooked them, and the good tubers mother put back in my basket. The rest were divided among my siblings. The next day when mother and I went to work in the fields, we took those good tubers along.

Once mother took me to see her brother [classificatory]. He gave us a big pig, which father took home for a death feast. [Tilapuda here gave an account of financial transactions.] Another time we went to see him and he gave mother a big bundle of corn and filled my carrying basket with shelled corn.

Once mother set out to get wood. I cried to go along and mother hit me. Father was angry and said, "Why do you hit this child? She is a [58] woman and must go forth foreword too." [She then gave one another account of crying to accompany her mother when she was going off to work.]

[Did she remember the birth of her siblings?] I remember that mother sat in the privy and that I was in the living room. [How did she feel?] When the child came down, the midwife cut its cord and curled it on the belly. I was sent to get leaves to clean up the child's excreta. I brought them back in a small basket, and mother cleaned the baby when it delivered. [Question.] This was the birth of Maliowa. I don't remember the birth of Kalelibai. When Maliowa was born, I was about seven years old. When Kalelibai was born, I was about two or three years old. I didn't see that birth. [Attempts to get her emotional reactions failed.]

When I was small, I only finished wood and played. Mother was angry with me and hit me because I didn't do garden work. Fasipani [a cousin who lived with them] stood up for me and quarreled with my mother about it. Then I went to help weed in the fields. Mother hit my hands and I cried, saying, "Oh, mother, you hit my hands, and an evil spirit may take me off. It will be good if I die. It will be better if I am finished." Mother was angry and said I must not talk like that. She twisted my mouth for speaking thus. Then mother spoke nicely to me and we went off and dug tubers for me. She cooked them for me and gave them to me to eat.

Mother went to cut green bananas and put them in a hole to ripen. [59] We went back after a time and two bananas were ripe. Mother gave

1:Du Bois E-5 (1938-1939) 1944
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I dreamed again last night that we went out to weed. I was up the [57ˣ
slope and many children were below me. I told them to come up for
fear a stone would roll down on them. So they came up the slope and
worked. I cooked for them. That evening on the way home a boy
chased a bird. I said, "Boys, chase the bird and give it to me." But they
did not get it. Then Maniqeni saw it run and caught it. He said, "Mother,
here is a rat," and he gave it to me. [Maniqeni was the fourteen- or
fifteen-year-old, leprous son of her favorite, dead brother, Mafani.] I
went up on the verandah and woke up.

The dream of a rat means I will get a stomach-ache. [58]

Again I dreamed. Kolpada called to me, "Mother [classificatory],
let us go fetch firewood." I said, "Oh, I'll stay. You and your younger
sister, Faimai [the informant's second daughter], can get wood." So
Kolpada and Faimai set off. I followed after them anyhow. Five of us
in all went. I hunted mushrooms and got a basketful. We brought them
home and ate them. [This was possibly an actual occurrence instead of
a dream.]

A dream about mushrooms is a dream of maggots, that is, a dream of
a dead person. The fetching of wood means that someone wants to [59]
steal something from me. My not wanting to go means that I shall not
want it stolen from me.

I went to talk about the time my elder siblings [classificatory] and I
went out to get caterpillars. Faitkani, Fiyepada, and I went to hunt
them.

We climbed a steep stone, and Fiyepada lifted me up by my arm.
We spread our mats under an afai tree and shook the branches. The [20]
caterpillars fell on our mats and we picked them up one by one, placing
them in bamboo tubes. I wanted to pick them up, but I was afraid of
them because they were like snakes. Each of the elder ones put some
in my tube for me. Then we came home and as the water stopped to
wash them. We cleaned out their intestines. Then Faitkani broke off [21] ●
corn in her garden and gave me some. As we got to the foot of the
slope, my mother called me from the garden. She said I could come and
gather corn, but Faitkani said she had already given me some, so we
went on to the village. On the way home Faitkani also cut off a bunch
of bananas, and she gave each of us a large clump. In the village we [22]
roasted the caterpillars and bananas together in a tube. It was like real
corn. Mother came home and saw the young corn in my basket. She
said, "Have you been stealing people's corn?" I answered, "No. Faitkani took it from her own garden and gave it to me." Then we divided

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The People Cooked
mango pits and looked them for three days, then we ate them pounded up or whole. We took banana stalks and roots and mixed them with mango seeds to make the death feasts. One time Paulang and Lampada went to buy sweet potatoes, cassava, and corn at Pailoka near Kelulai. They took knife blades, necklaces, and anklets with them to buy food. They bought the whole cassava plant—leaves, stalk, and roots. For a knife blade they got only two or three cents' worth of corn or cassava. For a big necklace they got just ten small ears of corn. Many people had to share just a little corn mixed with many greens. When the men came home, they said, "Now we are hungry, and there are many people sick because of it. Save seeds and plant the cassava stalks." We cut the cassava stalks and the sweet potatoes into small pieces for planting. We planted cassava stalks and sweet potatoes, and as soon as they were large enough we cut more shoots for planting. We kept planting corn too until there was much of all foods and people were filled up again.

[I asked how she herself reacted to this.] During this time mother wanted to cut weeds at Rangfai. Before she left she cooked some corn and put it in a basket for me. She said that she and Kawainami were going to cut weeds and that I must stay behind. I said, "I had better go too because people will come and deceive me and eat my corn." But mother said, "OK, if people come and deceive you, your father [Manimai, really her uncle] is a killer and he will come and kill them. You stay. Kawainami and I will go cut the weeds." When mother left, all my playmates came to play with me. [Question. She was staying at the time with Manimai and his large family. Although the family with whom she was staying would have fed her, her mother said it was proper during a hungry time, or at any other time, to leave food for a child with the host's family.] While we played, we talked of the cat's coming. [Here she repeated the children's story of the cat's coming nearer and nearer. She gave all the place names from Likwesang to Atiowlang until the cat entered the house and the children screamed. This was a favorite scare story for children. Laimmi had heard it first from her mother, but this time the story was being told by Marara, an older girl. Question.] I was not really afraid of the story; I just pretended to be frightened.

[I asked whether she remembered being very sick. This was an attempt to get the story of her badly scarred mouth.]

When I was small I wasn't sick. I got sick after I married, when my husband was already dead and my child was still small. I wanted to come back here, but my mother-in-law said, "No. I am your mother

about this, I said, "Good. Djemmeh and I have already said we don't [139]
want to marry, so he is free." (Actually a few days before, she had
joined forces with Mahmadi, Djemmeh's first wife, in smoking Fele-
pangama. This was the equivalent of looking upon her suitor as one of
Djemmeh's wives. Her kinsmen dragged her away from the suitor,
saying that she was not one of Djemmeh's wives, since he had never
paid a legitimate bride-price for her.)

March 21, 1939

[No dreams. The usual difficulty in beginning. I asked her about
tooth blackening, when a period of lessons for adolescents.]

First Mamimeh said, "Lamani and Marsama, you must have your teeth
filed." So we went to Arafani, who took a file and cut our teeth. I began
when the sun was just rising, and by midmorning I was finished. Then
Marsama had hers cut. It was early afternoon when she was done.
Then we each paid Arafani five cents. We got the money ourselves
from selling nuts in Kabbabi. Marsama had bought the file for thirty
cents. Arafani told us to boil roots, and when the water came to a boil
to put in the gourds, and as soon as the gourds were done to cut the [142]
roots while it was still a little hard. "This makes your teeth stronger." [143]
So we went home and did as he told us. We ate the roots to strengthen
our teeth. That evening people said they were going to start blacken-
ing teeth the next day. The following afternoon all the young men
gathered, Mahamin, Fanan, Pakkhani, all went to Abarkakka
to buy in a field house there. The boys told the girls to boil the fruit.
We said, "And what shall we use for a pot?" They said, "Use half of
this broken pot." So we said, "What shall we use for wood?" They
answered, "Use cassavalks. If you use cassavalks, our lips won't get sore
from the dye." So we cooked the fruit. Then we got hoes [139']
between both. The fruit we smashed, taking out all the skin and fibers. [144]
Then we mixed it with earth and made a cone of it. We cut off the top
of the cone, just a little piece, and Fanan, one of the boys having his
teeth blackened, tossed it in the air, saying, "Air [shooting cones, really
mishpoke], do not let our teeth be toothless." Then he took another
bit and tossed it on the ground, saying, "Debleh [village of the dead],
do not let our teeth be toothless." Then we cut and smeared the
hoeing-back strips as they would fit our mouths and put the dye paste
on them. This we did for seven days. The boys learned ours and the [139']
girls pounded ours. When it was over, we went to bathe. We got se-
crets and promises to pay the makers of the teeth. There were fifteen

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the next day we all went back again, seven of us, to help cut Kolibai's garden.

[Questions.] This year I have two gardens of corn and one of rice. The two cornfields I share, one with Kewainumi and one with Maliemi. The rice I have alone. One field is right here near the village, and the other two are just beyond Faroumaung. The field I have near Ruaikaiweng I didn't plant. I am only now cutting it for sun corn with the help of Kolibai and Koiang. This last garden my father gave me, from another I got the other three. Kewainumi received a large field [joining] from father. Mother gave her three gardens also. This year I am sharing my corn with Tilumau [a kinswoman she called mother]. Last year and also the year before, I stored with Koiangkalatu. I cannot store in Kewainumi's house because it has no rat disks. Kewainumi stores her food with Tilumau every year. We give Tilumau a small corn bundle as a present, not pay. Tilumau also stores in her own loft, so there are three of us with food there. Tilumau stacks her corn on one side of the two central posts in the loft; then I and Kewainumi also have our stacks. So each person has her own pile.

March 13, 1939

[No dreams. The usual block about starting. I offered no help. Finally the interpreter told her to talk about anything, and he listed many local activities. Her face brightened and she poured out this tale at great length.]

When I was seven or eight, Kewainumi was already married to Malera. [Note the contradiction of her statement on March 11.] Mother said we should go to Talesang to make a garden. We were to share it with Malera and the mother of Lomalarka. So we three went. Kewainumi stayed here with Faiepang because she had a bad leg wound. So we went to Talesang and cut weeds. At that time we went back and forth. Then when it was time to plant, we went there to stay. When the corn was about eight inches high, Lomalarka said we should go to hunt for bamboo grubs. I, mother, and she went to Buang [illegible] hunting to hunt for them. That evening we brought them home and said we would cook them. I said, "I don't know how. Perhaps old people do, but I don't." So Lomalarka said, "I'll do it." She made a fire and put the grubs in a young bamboo tube and put the tube near the fire. When [illegible] they were roasted we ate them with corn. Then a big rain and spare came. Malera said he was going down the river to catch crabs and shrimps that were washed down with the spate. He got many. He

2: DuBois E-5 (1938-1939) 1941 OFS Alor OFS

342
252
262
415
594

[illegible]

583
482
415
291
349
451

[illegible]

[Facing p. 276]

2: DuBois E-5 (1938-1939) 1941 OFS Alor OFS

[illegible]

[illegible]

[Facing p. 277]

some thoroughfares Indonesia is the example of man's evasion from settled diet. Dr.Palmer long this widespread motif is shared as that man is moved from settled one and into work, that is, man is made free food.

Also food, rather than native currencies, is generally considered adequate pay for labor. The guest workers who help cultivate a large rice field, who assist in erecting a lineage house who attend ceremonial funeral ceremonies, or who participate in similar communal activities are all fed in return for their participation. When cooperative groups are formed for work in fields, the host of the day must furnish the midday meal.

There are other ceremonies connected food which are perhaps less dramatic and festive elsewhere, but just as telling. If women are pounding rice or corn, any kernel which falls from the mortar is carefully picked up. Children of five or six have already absorbed this attitude and are as meticulous as the adults of both sexes. A single grain left in a pod during shelling will be retrieved by children as well as adults. In clearing ground even scattered food plants will be carefully preserved. The meticulous fashion in which all food articles are saved and used does not coincide with any casual attitude.

The natives also refer frequently to the annual "hungry period." This is the end of the dry season when there is no actual want but only low of the preferred foods. For a month or two natives depend more on camotes and secure poisonous fish as nuts. Yet the natives phrases this as a period of food stress. In addition there were references to periods of famine as though they were an ever present threat. Careful inquiry revealed only two periods of shortage within the memories of people between forty and fifty. Both of these were due to factors which had disorganized the community so that for one reason the fields had not been systematically planted and as carefully weeded as is customary. There is no doubt that food, especially of the preferred sort, was scarce on these two occasions, but it was procurable by purchase in nearby communities and there is no evidence that anyone died of hunger. There is, in fact, no indication that hunger is ever necessary if a proper amount of foresight and industry has been exercised. Perhaps one of the best indications that the concern over food scarcity is of psychological origin and not evidence that there is an fatal hunger. We are never conscious poverty or wealth in terms of food, although there is actually great variation between consumption units in the number and kindness of foods eaten. There is no direct strong preoccupation with wealth as access to the culture. Nor, on the part of the folds in these food groups are good and as the whole adequate and only to feed the consumption units but also to provide surpluses for ceremonies to invite.

In addition there is a singular agricultural lexicon in Alor. This concerns the so-called "good years" and "bad years" which seem to alternate in years. The only fact that there is no use planning rice fields or any confining plans during "bad years" because rodents will eat up the crop before it can be harvested. In the "good years" there are supposed to be fewer rats and there is a chance to lay in surpluses for lean years. The theory of alternating years of rat plagues has no basis in reality. Essentially the idea is a better than every other year one has the helpless notion of dependence on your food supply. As one might expect, there are